



ULYSSES
JO. BURG NORTH CHAPTER
grow old disgracefully

CHAPTER NEWSLETTER

December 2014

EDITORIAL

"Put more in and you will get more out"

Steve de Villiers,

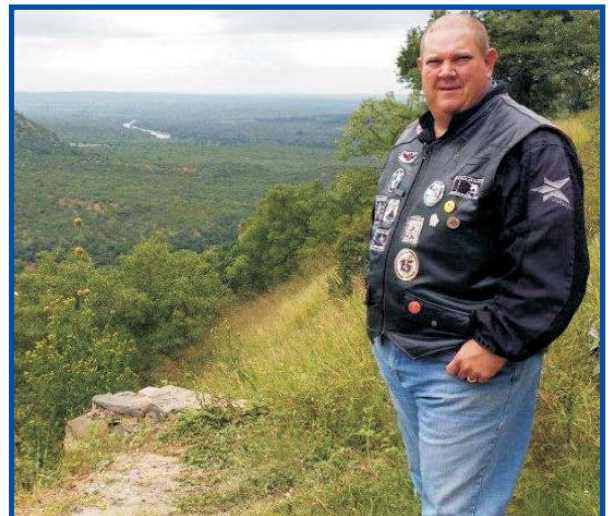
Sound advice from a man who is now our Chapter Rides Convenor and a very positive "mover and shaker" within the club. Steve started his working life as a chef in the army where he won a competition and, after which he went on to work for Southern Sun in various places including the President Hotel in Cape Town and Sun City. Now married with three kids he describes himself as a BEE Consultant, a job that sounded to me as being highly complex and, if done properly requires a good deal of skill, patience and perseverance, qualities which Steve would appear to possess in abundance.

Steve's first motorbike was a Honda 50 which he bought with money he saved working at a filling station while still at school. He later graduated to a Yamaha two stroke RD 250 and subsequently two Kawasakis, a Z 650 and 900. Later, after a gap of several years he bought a Honda V1100 and he now rides a six cylinder BMW K 1600 GT, a bike of awesome

proportions which looked to me as if it had so many electronic gizmos on board, including a disappearing number plate, that it could almost drive itself!

Steve joined Ulysses with the objective of meeting new people and very quickly "embraced the whole thing" with enthusiasm and commitment. In recent times he has organised a number of Magical Mystery Tours and the most ambitious and highly successful 10 Day Garden Route Tour which, as he succinctly put it "gave me great pride and joy to put together".

As for growing old disgracefully, Steve sums it up beautifully by saying "do stuff with abandon!" Right on!



Editorial	1
The Giraffe 2014	2
Econorun August 2014	5
Garden Route Tour	8

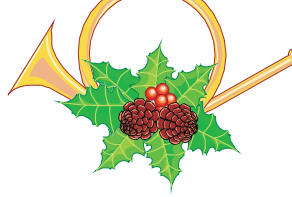


A MERRY CHRISTMAS
AND A VERY HAPPY
NEW YEAR



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The Giraffe 2014

by



After much planning and problems the day had finally arrived and we were ready to leave, approaching the bike I noticed a small problem maybe I should attach both panniers, Maryanne would kill me if I left all her clothes in the pannier on the bed. Fetched and attached now we were ready to leave. Secretly hoping this was not going to be a sign of how the day was going to pan out we kicked the engine into life and off we bumbled to join the rest at the Petroport on the N1.

Everyone was on time and the group of Frans, Roy, Kevin, George, Adrian, Nick, Maryanne, Emil and Ann headed North just after 10 up the N1, at the Hammanskraal turnoff (where the concession holders were kind enough to leave a large gap at the boom we headed onto the R101. The road was good and we made great time. We stopped at Naboomspruit for a breather before heading on to our lunch stop at the Amarula Pub and Restaurant near Polokwane. Cold beers were the order of the day but food choice rather limited. The menu, a chalk board on the wall consisted of Fillet steak and Chips, Rump steak and chips and for the vegetarians Cheese griller and chips. Deciding this was not what we wanted we pushed onto to the rather quaint Mountain Inn just up the pass outside Louis Trichardt. Due to it being mid afternoon Roy had the

presence of mind to check with our overnight accommodation what was on the menu for dinner and was assured that anything we wanted, So a light snack was had by all and off we headed into the setting sun for Aloe Inn near Musina.

We arrived at a dark venue with no rooms allocated and told by the Receptionist waiter, Chef, room cleaner, gardener they weren't expecting us, and there was no food,

persuaded to release the lucky animal. The evening cooled and Roy was narrowly missed by missiles from heaven or once we found a torch poop from a peahen sitting in the tree above us.

The next morning we headed off at 7 to find some go go juice and breakfast. We stopped at the nearby Sasol garage refuelled and found the Elephant Inn, a breakfast stop was in order as I was starting to resemble a rake. Breakfast

was served but we had to have raw toast as the toaster was broken. We also met a couple from the Iron Maidens on their Honda Goldwing who were on the way to the giraffe.

Breakfast demolished we headed on and after a brief stop for dop and cash in Messina. We hit the border at 9:15 and 15 minutes later we were heading over the bridge.

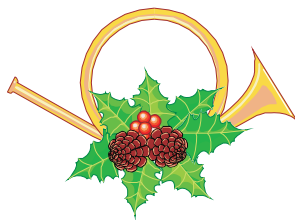
On the Zimbabwe side we had arranged with the Zimbabwe Tourist Authority and there was a Linda, Bertha and Emmanuel there to help our passage and they were fantastic, First pay the Toll for using the bridge, then do immigration, then some of us needed a visa, then carbon tax and 3rd party, then police clearance, 6 stamps on a blue slip and a few hundred rand lighter we said goodbye to the three ZTA helpers who refused any payment for there service. 65 minutes later as we pulled away up to the final stop sign and boom Maryanne noticed some people waving wildly, so she waved back,



we could go to the Steers 3kms down the road, funnily enough owned by the same person.

We eventually got rooms which were clean and acceptable and scavenged through top boxes and pockets and found a few sweets, biscuits and peanuts. We headed towards the bar to drown our sorrows to find that there were a few Hunters and that was it. We went down to our rooms and sat at the table outside and partied with what little we had, Nick saw a turkey sitting on the fence near the bikes and grabbed it thinking we could Braai it, but was





when we stopped 75 metres later we found they weren't being friendly we had to stop and give them part of the blue slip. Back we went and with a final show of our passports we headed through the booms and waited for the rest. At this point George's bike decided it was tired after the long ride and lay down, George departed his steed with alacrity but soon woke it up and had it back on its wheels.

The ride to Tods was uneventful in the 30°C temps with nothing much but barren lands, the odd donkey cart, wrecked cars and one toll gate on the way, fortunately in Zims tollgates are free for bikes.



Tods motel suddenly appeared, well signposted but in the middle of nowhere.

Signed in and arm band on we found our rooms with no windows or doors, little A frame huts with thatch roofs, with three beds in each room and although

simple very nice and nothing more was needed.

After signing in and getting our badges and buying T-shirts we found our 'A' frame windowless cabins and were soon attired in something more comfortable and the beers started flowing. The day was warm the music pleasant and the surrounding area magnificent. We found the pub and the food stalls, what more could we ask for.



The day became night, the music kept going, the drinks kept flowing, the conversation meandered from topic to topic, Maryanne got the pyromania bug as per usual and lit a fire that we sat around and talked and drank the rather cool night away.

Next morning after a nice breakfast a mass ride was announced so we prepared our steeds and followed Gary

(owner of Tods) in his bakkie a few kms down the road he suddenly turned right and headed down a steep deep ditch into the bush, Adrian on his GS

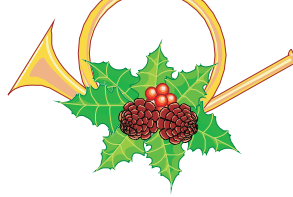


hesitated, said WTF, and then took the plunge, I did a double take a GTL is not the best offroad bike, but took the plunge and followed the very old road, patches of tar followed by bits of dirt road led us to the old single lane low level bridge.

We swung our bikes across the bridge and wandered around taking pics from every angle. Free ice cold brown bottle were passed around and we stood in the middle of nowhere under the hot African sun shooting the breeze. Howie of Bike SA fame took a few pictures which I am told are in the Bike SA mag.. Beers finished we turned our bikes around on the narrow bridge and headed back to Tods.

Maryanne and I shot through to the metropolis of West Nicholson, a half donkey town but it did have a petrol





pump and a general store, the store worked. After a cold coke we headed back to Tods and joined the rest of the crew.

The afternoon had various games organised and Roy led UJN into the tug of war which after a great battle we lost to the Bulawayo Black Eagles. Well done guys, Adrian entered the Slow Race and one both rounds, Maryanne entered the Bokdrol competition using giraffe pellets of course (with coaching from Roy), and won. She also entered the treasure hunt and won that too.

Exhausted from all the fun a few went to sleep and others kept the little brown bottles company. The guys from the ZTA that had helped us at the border came through and watched the fun. And were given an award for helping out at the border.

The evening meal was springbok

spitbraai and warthog Potjie which all went down very well obviously with a bit of lubrication. Note the spit braais were fed the whole day by coals that came from Maryanne's fire the night before.

When darkness set prize giving started and Adrian was presented with a Fire Extinguisher for winning the slow race, Maryanne won a biking jacket for the spoeg competition and a lantern for the treasure hunt, while Ulysses won vouchers for being the biggest club



there.

I went to chat to a couple of people when suddenly the guy I was talking to said do you know that UJN just won the auction for the biker dolls for R2700, no you must be joking I said. Well when I got back to our group Maryanne had

Yuuuped once too often and won the auction. The money was going to a good cause, getting a girlfriend for Toddie the motels giraffe.

With all these prizes Roy came to our rescue and loaded his bike up like a taxi and transported some of the stuff back for us (thanks Roy much appreciated). Next morning we were up bright and early and after a cup of coffee we headed home. The border coming back was a breeze took 20 minutes on the

Zim side and yes the ZTA officials were there to help. The South African side was about 25 minutes with customs wanting to check the top boxes, Roy paled a bit but they did not make him offload everything.

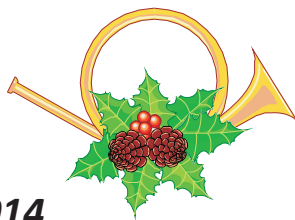
The trip back was uneventful with us getting home about 16:30.

There were about a 120 people at the rally, with 1700km being the furthest travelled to get there by a relative of Mike H's, a number of people came from Jo'burg, with one

couple going on a KLR650 with tent and all. We took sleeping bags and were glad for it.

Would I go again, Hell yes, it was great fun.





Econorun 29 - 30 August 2014

by Lorna Gibbions

Ivan and I were late entrants, but were given permission to participate. We certainly did not anticipate the seriousness of the event, sponsored by RFS Holdings, but quickly got on board. We filled in the forms and paid the R3000.00 each. The cost included 2 nights (dinner, bed and breakfast) at Hotel Numbi in Hazyview, entrance fee, reflector jacket and a competition license. RFS sponsored all petrol except for the first tank and the prizes worth about R10,000.00 and R5,000.00.

The briefing and registration, at Landmark Coffee Bar in Pretoria, was presented the Sunday before the event. There we got the low down, maps, stickers and gear. We also had to pick our starting number. Later we found out that it is best to get a lower number, but we drew 50 and 52 for the first day. Next time we will be sure to be there earlier.



Preparation:

- Route schedule box: Ivan spent many hours making our route schedule box while I cut the map to paste in a long strip.

- Attach box securely on bike mirror tape, cable ties, presstick, tape
- Google maps to 'walk' through the route – taking a wrong turn is a nono
- Book accommodation in Cullinan
- Legalise the bike – number plates
- Ensure 7 litres of petrol can be filled by Marshall
- Find bike user manual for scrutineering



- Buy stopwatch
- Stickers on bike and helmet

Day 1

The event started with 67 bikes at the Sasol Rosehaven fuel station, North on the N4 Highway eastbound carriageway. After a Marshall controlled fuelling and scrutineering, the first bike set off at 07:30. We left 50 minutes and 52 minutes later respectively. I was very nervous due to continuous warnings of don't miss turns, make sure you are 2 minutes ahead, don't arrive late – penalties (petrol added to your account)! With Marshalls lurking at stop streets and driving around in unmarked cars



with video recording to check that you stop properly (2 feet on the ground), keep 2 hands on the steering, obey traffic rules. The traffic department are only too glad to pull you over so that you don't get to the next stop on time!



faster to make up for stops and traffic through the towns! Don't get to the destinations too early – that means you will have used too much petrol.

Day 2

A brilliant summer's day! Ivan started off 12th and I was number 54! Familiar ground – Hazeyview >Graskop> Pilgrims Rest > Robber's Pass and first stop at God's Window! Found it difficult keeping the speed down and being passed by cars and even buses! The round trip was only about 270 km, but all great roads. The road between Graskop and Hazeyview has even been patched!

The final dinner was an awesome spread and the prize giving well prepared. I came second in my class and 13th overall. Ivan came 9th in his class and 39th overall.

Will we do it again, Dawn right we will. It was well organized (to the minute), the accommodation and catering were awesome and the challenge of doing better next time is inviting!



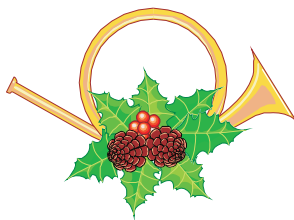
day 2 was picked from a 'hat'. On the whole, a good day of riding, good roads and lots of comradery. Bikes were locked away for the night.

Objective achieved – managed to get to each stop on time and no wrong turns! So what else does one need to do and what did I learn? Keep the revs down, remove parts of the bike that cause resistance, keep at a constant speed, duck down behind your screen, push your bike from entry into the petrol stop until the exit point! The average speed means you should go about 10 kms

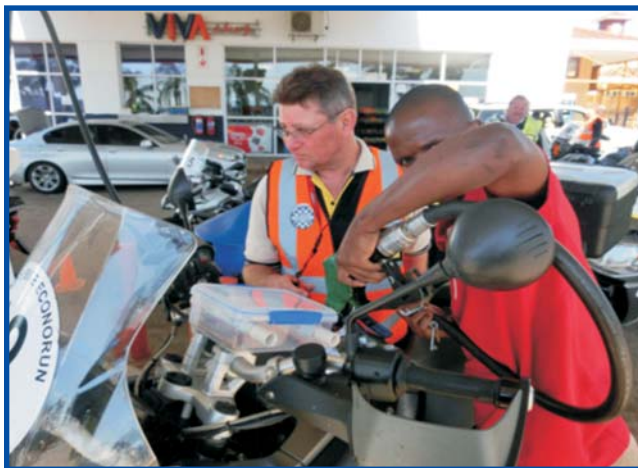
It was bitterly cold and the gale force winds did not make the ride any easier. Riding at 45 degrees proved to be very tiring. The wind also ripped a rider's box off his bike, another rider was lucky to catch his before it bit the dust! Coffee and sandwiches were supplied at the first and second stops in Bethal and Piet Retief respectively. The closer we got to ET, the warmer it got and the wind even died down a bit. The last stop was in Barberton, with the trip ending 730km later in Hazeyview at Hotel Numbi. On arrival, the start number for

Bikes leaving on the minute





Two feet on the ground.



Final refuel and weigh in with marshal.



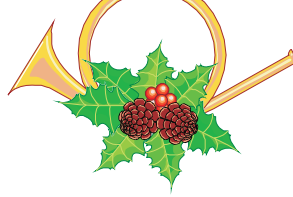
Queuing to leave on time-always clock watching.



Finisher medal.



All bikes parked after the second day.



Garden Route Tour 2014

by Gordon Collen

Ride Convener: Steve de Villiers

Participants: Cherylee de Villiers, Mike Helberg, Simon Carr, Len Rodrigues, Gordon Collen, Linda Stroebel, Des Jacobs, Sharon Penhaligon, Rod Macleod, Lori Macleod

Guest: Andrew MacArthur



excursion Steve and his GPS led us on in search of a Wimpy in Bloemfontein! We all now have a new appreciation for the outer suburbs of that City! Considering the distance covered, most of us arrived less broken than anticipated. Drinks and dinner were hearty Karoo fare. Time was allocated

for the following morning in which to explore the town; no-one was holding their breath....

this would not go on his list of possible places to retire!

On the way leading out of the valley, we had our first problem. Simon had a puncture, but worse, his rear tyre hadn't fared well on the trip down. It was on its last legs. I had a brief moment of angst regarding my own tyres, but then relaxed; I had had my tyres checked by a boffin, our former club president, before we left Jo'burg. (He gave them the thumbs up for the full trip!). After a plug was fitted in a joint effort to Simons rear, we continued to Oudtshoorn via the incomparable Meiringspoort Pass. Pictures can't do justice to this pass, with towering mountains closing in above most of the way through. From here it was a short stretch to Oudtshoorn, our next stop.

Day One

A good omen at the outset, we departed Beyers Naude Drive twenty minutes ahead of our 8:00 am target. The prospect of 830km for the first day had concentrated the collective minds. Great to see Kevin, our Australian cousin, at the start point at 7:15 am to see the rest of us off. Much appreciated! Des and Sharon were there in their massively impressive F250 Ford twin-cab, with club trailer and GS in tow. The panniers and baggage for the entire group went in the back with ease; with the distances we were embarking on, this was to prove a Godsend. No pannier drag for the next seven days- Phew!

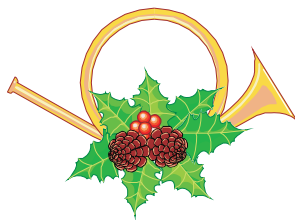
The group arrived in Nieu Bethesda at 4:45 pm after a day's hard, uneventful riding. Not bad after the lengthy

Day Two

One has to say up front that Nieu Bethesda is not everyone's kind of place; quaint, old, but slightly depressing, as typified by the famous Owl

House. A must see for many, this historic venue is now an international attraction, but not something to put one in a party mood....We had all finished our sightseeing in the town a half an hour earlier than the 11am cut-off- Steve claimed to have done the whole tourist thing twice by that time, and had firmly decided that





Dinner at the local restaurant included a toast to Len, on his birthday. Steve had pre-ordered a monster chocolate cake, which the group failed to demolish.

Day Three

The Yotclub B&B in Oudtshoorn was perhaps the best of some really good accommodation we enjoyed. We parked off here for two nights, rounding off the last evening with a braai at the residence, ably assisted by our host, Les. The first and only light rain shower failed to dampen the occasion. The day in Oudtshoorn was the first 'free day',



with some going to the Kango caves, others back through Meiringspoort Pass to Prince Albert; Des has his GS in action, choosing to go dirt tracking over the Swartberg Pass to Prince Albert, with a rather nervous Sharon perched on the back. The ride must have worked out well, she returned all smiles!

Mike and a few speedsters chose to do the Outeniqua pass, which we were to do again a few days later....

Day Four

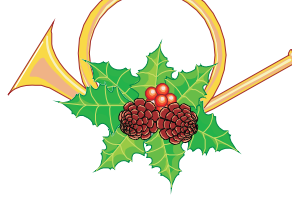
Time had arrived, to do the R62 to



Barrydale, only two hundred km away. Most of the riders went via the N2 and the beautiful Tradouw Pass, then back through Barrydale to Ronnies Sex Shop, where we had planned to meet Simon and the backup vehicle. This added a hundred plus km, but was well

worth it, the day being perfect for riding. Simon was taking the direct route to conserve his tyre, but in vain. When we got to Ronnies, his K1200GT was already trailered, the rear tyre down to the metal bands! Many beers had been enjoyed by Simon, Des and Sharon by the time we arrived mid-afternoon. After joining the party for a while, we all returned to the Karoo Hotel in Barrydale for a pleasant pub night at the hotel.





Day Five

More tyre drama: My front tyre was by this stage looking rather sick, so I decided I would have to join Simon and the backup vehicle and proceed with them to George. This was the only place within range that had tyres, and luckily on the way to our next stop in Knysna. Yet again most of the group went pass riding along the way, adding hundreds more km to their total. We limped in to George, where I was told by

the mechanic that not only was my front tyre dead, but I needed a rear one as well. Hah! No problem; after the time it took us to have two quick beers, new tyres were fitted to both bikes, and we were soon on our way to Knysna. Our destination was the 'Azure House', with fabulous views over Knysna Lagoon and The Heads. Two nights were spent here as well; another inspired choice by Steve (notwithstanding the fact that his winter riding jacket was stolen from his room while sleeping)!

Day Six

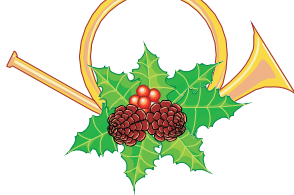
This was the second 'free day', with some of us taking it easy, while Mike and a bunch of the more hardened brothers set off for The Storms River via the old

(officially closed) road. The pictures of these roads, as with the other passes, speak for themselves. Another two hundred plus km notched up; Ka-ching! Both evenings spent in Knysna were restaurant affairs. Transportation there was rather unconventional; since the bikes were difficult to access at the Guest House, we all went to town in the F250, seven up front, the rest in the cheap seats under the canopy! Both nights were pleasant and festive, the first night at the waterfront (continuing late into the night back at the Azure), the second on the Island. Level heads prevailed on this second night, as the ride the following day to Trompsburg would be in excess of 700 km; sore heads not a good idea!

Day Seven

This proved to be the hardest day of the lot. None of us were geared up for really cold weather; Murphy stepped in and delivered just what we hadn't expected. On the way out of the Outeniqua pass it became decidedly cool. By the time we left Graaff Reinet and up through the mountains the temperature had dropped to 5 degrees C! Mercifully we endured this for only about thirty minutes, and by the time Colesberg came around it was quite pleasant again. Our destination, the Rietpoort Guest Farm near Trompsburg is situated at the end of an eleven km stretch of dirt road. Not something to look forward to after 700km. Luckily this is about as good a dirt road as they get, so with much relief we cruised this last stretch at 100kph, to a friendly reception from our hosts. Just in time to watch South Africa give the Aussies a





good thumping. Never fails to lift the party spirit! Another early night was taken by most before the final 540km stretch back home.

Day Eight

Len was the next to suffer tyre woes, spotted the previous evening on arrival

at Rietpoort. Due to crosswinds, and presumably road camber, his huge rear tyre was worn at such an angle it looked as though he had spent the entire week riding around a right-handed speedway circuit! Luckily there was enough rubber left to make it back home. As always, the final

stretch through Bloem and the Free State was a bit of a drag. We were all in a hurry to get home now, so most of us arrived in Johannesburg shortly after 1pm. Andrew kept track of the distance he and the diehards (those who did all the extra passes) travelled. They

notched up 3660km, while Linda and I who did some of the extra rides, did 3340 km, and I guess a few did slightly less than us.

All credit to Steve and Cherylee who did a fabulous job organizing this ride, which must have taken much hard slogging. Abig thanks also to Des and Sharon who provided the back-up vehicle. Both showed extreme patience in the thankless task of loading and unloading piles of baggage on a daily basis... The ride was great from beginning to end, and perhaps the best I have done to date! Finally thanks also to all the other members who worked together to make this such a memorable run; bring on the next one!! Gordon and Linda

Murphy's Motorcycle Laws

1. A motorcycle cannot/will not fall over without an audience.
2. The fact your keys are still in your pants pocket will become apparent after you put your gloves on.
3. Motorcycles are to yellow bugs what aircraft carriers once were to Kamikaze pilots.
4. Quick fixes are names for how long they stay fixed.
5. The only part you really need will also be the only part on permanent backorder.
6. Nothing is harder to start than a used motorcycle being shown to a prospective buyer.
7. You will never suffer a punctured tire on the road until you leave the repair kit at home.
8. "Universal" accessories are so named because that is where you must search to find the bike they fit.



Be Smart. Ride Safe.



FUNNYSTUFF * FUNNYSTUFF * FUNNYSTUFF * FUNNYSTUFF * FUNNYSTUFF *

Have you ever wondered what the difference is between Grandmothers and Grandfathers?

Well, here it is:

There was this loving grandfather who always made a special effort to spend time with his son's family on weekends. Every Saturday morning he would take his 5-year-old granddaughter out for a drive in the car for some quality time -- pancakes, ice cream, candy-- just him and his granddaughter.

One particular Saturday, however, he had a terrible cold and could not get out of bed. He knew his granddaughter always looked forward to their drives and would be very disappointed.

Luckily, his wife came to the rescue and said that she would take their granddaughter for her weekly drive and breakfast. When they returned, the little girl anxiously ran upstairs to see her grandfather who was still in bed. "Well, did you enjoy your ride with grandma?" he asked. "Not really, PaPa, it was boring. We didn't see a single asshole, queer, piece of shit, horse's ass, tree hugger, socialist left wing prick, blind bastard, dipshit, Muslim camel humper or son of a bitch anywhere we went! We just drove around and Grandma smiled at everyone she saw. I really didn't have any fun."

Old Lady Biker Joke

A little 80 year old lady had always wanted to join a local bikers club. One day she goes up and knocks on a biker's door. A big, hairy bearded biker with tattoos all over his arms answers. She proclaims, "I want to join your club". The guy was quite amused, but explains that she needs to meet certain biker requirements in order to join the club. The biker asks; "Do you have a motorcycle?" The little old lady replies, "Yep, my bike's parked over there" and pointed to a flamed black Harley chopper in the driveway. The biker asks, "Do you drink?" The little old lady replies, "Yep, drink like a fish. beer mostly, whiskey when I'm shooting pool.. I'll drink everyone in your club under the table".

The biker is surprised but then asks, "Do you smoke?". The little old lady replies, "Yep, smoke like a chimney. At least two packs of cigarettes and three joints a day and cigars when I'm drinking whiskey and shooting pool". The biker is very impressed and asks, "Last question, have you ever been picked up by the fuzz?" The little old lady thinks for a minute and says, "Nope, but I've been swung around by my nipples a few times!"

Who gives the hand jobs?

A crusty old biker out on a long summer ride in the country pulls up to a tavern in the middle of nowhere, parks his bike and walks inside. As he passes through the swinging doors, he sees a sign hanging over the bar:

COLD BEER:	\$2.00
HAMBURGER:	\$2.25
CHEESEBURGER:	\$2.50
CHICKEN SANDWICH :	\$3.50
HAND JOB:	\$50.00

Checking his wallet to be sure he has the necessary payment, the ole' biker walks up to the bar and beckons to the exceptionally attractive female bartender who is serving drinks to a couple of sun-wrinkled farmers. She glides down behind the bar to the ole biker. "Yes?" she inquires with a wide, knowing smile, "may I help you?" The ole biker leans over the bar, "I was wondering young lady," he whispers, "are you the one who gives the hand-jobs?" She looks into his eyes with that wide smile and purrs "Why yes, yes, I sure am". The ole' biker leans closer and into her left ear whispers softly, "Well, wash your hands real good, cause I want a cheeseburger".

EDITOR'S LAST WORD

If anyone embodies the motto of "growing old disgracefully" with style, gusto and great success it is Mick Jagger.

Recently this Rock icon ,now aged over 70 and a great- grandfather, was seen in of the company of a stunning twenty something girl who was obviously his latest lover. Jagger, with his love for women has proved that there is more than one way to grow old. **Mick Jagger is a man who has the nerve to never change.**

A Very Merry Christmas and a truly disgraceful New Year to You All.

